



Prayers and Songs

OFFICIAL WEST POINT MARCH

West Point, at the call,
Thy sons arise in honor to thee,
May thy light shine ever bright,
Guide thy sons aright,
In far-off lands or distant seas.
Thy name first above all,
Through all the years thy motto we will bear;
We, thy sons as we fight,
May we strike for the right,
Alma Mater, ever for thee.



Prayers and Songs

CADET PRAYER

O God, our Father, Thou Searcher of human hearts,
help us to draw near to Thee in sincerity and truth. May
our religion be filled with gladness and may our worship
of Thee be natural.

Strengthen and increase our admiration for honest
dealing and clean thinking, and suffer not our hatred of
hypocrisy and pretense ever to diminish. Encourage us in
our endeavor to live above the common level of life.

Make us to choose the harder right instead of the
easier wrong and never to be content with a half truth
when the whole can be won.

Endow us with courage that is born of loyalty to all that
is noble and worthy, that scorns to compromise with vice
and injustice and knows no fear when truth and right are
in jeopardy.

Guard us against flippancy and irreverence in the
sacred things of life. Grant us new ties of friendship and
new opportunities of service. Kindle our hearts in
fellowship with those of a cheerful countenance, and
soften our hearts with sympathy for those who sorrow
and suffer.

Help us to maintain the honor of the Corps untarnished
and unsullied and to show forth in our lives the ideals of
West Point in doing our duty to Thee and to our Country.
All of which we ask in the name of the Great Friend and
Master of All. Amen.



Prayers and Songs

BENNY HAVENS, OH!

Come fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row.
To singing sentimentally we're going for to go;
In the Army there's sobriety, promotion's very slow.
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!

Chorus

Oh! Benny Havens, Oh! Oh! Benny Havens, Oh!
We'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!
To our kind old Alma Mater, our rockbound highland home,
We'll cast back many a fond regret as o'er life's sea we roam;
Until on our last battlefield the light of heaven shall glow.
We'll never fail to drink to her and Benny Havens, Oh!

Chorus

Oh! Benny Havens, Oh! Oh! Benny Havens, Oh!
We'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!
May the army be augmented, promotion be less slow.
May our country in the hour of need be ready for the foe;
May we find a soldier's resting place beneath a soldier's blow,
With room enough beside our graves for Benny Havens, Oh!

Chorus

Oh! Benny Havens, Oh! Oh! Benny Havens, Oh!
We'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!



Prayers and Songs

ARMY BLUE

We've not much longer to stay,
For in a month or two,
We'll bid farewell to "Kaydet Gray,"
And don the "Army Blue."

Chorus

Army Blue, Army Blue,
Hurrah for the Army Blue,
We'll bid farewell to "Kaydet Gray,"
And don the "Army Blue."
With pipe and song we'll jog along,
Till this short time is through,
And all among our jovial throng,
Have donned the Army blue.

Chorus

To the ladies who come up in June,
We'll bid a fond adieu,
Here's hoping they be married soon,
And join the Army too.

Chorus

Here's to the man who wins the cup,
May he be kind and true,
And may he bring "our godson" up,
To don the Army Blue.

Chorus

'Twas the song we sang in old plebe camp,
When first our Gray was new.
The song we sang on summer nights,
That song of Army Blue.

Chorus

Now fellows, we must say good-bye,
We've stuck our four years thru,
Our future is a cloudless sky,
We'll don the Army Blue.

Chorus



Prayers and Songs

THE CORPS

Herbert Shipman (with text amendments of June 2008)

The Corps! The Corps! The Corps!
The Corps! Bareheaded salute it, with eyes up thanking our God
That we of the Corps are treading where they of the Corps have trod.
They are here in ghostly assemblage, the ranks of the Corps long dead.
And our hearts are standing attention, while we wait for their passing tread.

The Corps of today, we salute you, the Corps of an earlier day.
We follow close order behind you where you have pointed the way.
The long gray line of us stretches through the years of a cent'ry told.
And the last one feels to the marrow the grip of your far-off hold.

Grip hands with us now tho' we see not.
Grip hands with us strengthen our hearts.
As the long line stiffens and straightens with the thrill that your presence imparts.
Grip hands, tho' it be from the shadows while we swear as you did of yore,
Or living or dying to honor The Corps! and the Corps! and the Corps



Prayers and Songs

ALMA MATER

Hail, Alma Mater, dear!
To us be ever near,
Help us thy motto bear,
thru' all the years.
Let Duty be well performed,
Honor be e'er untarn'd,
Country be ever armed,
West Point, by thee!

Guide us, thine own, aright,
Teach us by day, by night,
To keep thine honor bright,
For thee to fight.
When we depart from thee,
Serving on land or sea,
May we still loyal be,
West Point, to thee!

And when our work is done,
Our course on earth is run,
May it be said, "Well done.
Be thou at peace."
E'er may that line of gray
Increase from day to day;
Live, serve, and die, we pray,
West Point, for thee!



Prayers and Songs